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The PHONO GRAM

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T E N T H N U M B E R

FEBRUARY

1901



PRINTED MONTHLY *for* THOSE INTERESTED IN PHONES, GRAPHS, GRAMS & SCOPES. DEVOTED TO THE ARTS OF RECORDING AND REPRODUCING SOUND.

OFFICIAL HANDBOOK *of* THE ORDER *of* THE PHONOGRAM.

Lists *of* New Records, pp. 159 & 160

The PHONOGRAM

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POINTS PERTAINING TO THE USE AND CARE OF THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

By C. W. NOYES.

Chapter II.

Adjusting the Reproducer.

A poorly adjusted reproducer always tends toward discouraging the purchaser of a Phonograph, and no wonder.

A poor glass with its squeaky, thin, nasal tone is far from musical, just the same as a badly tuned musical instrument is offensive to the musical ear.

Now it is taken for granted that a person who spends his money for a Phonograph is naturally a lover of music, and if the instrument is not musical it is sometimes condemned.

"Look to your reproducer." Is it as good as any you have heard? If it is, let it alone! If not, then follow the directions given below.

In the first place let me state right here ; that *nothing is better than a glass diaphragm*. No paper, mica, fibre, metal or composition diaphragm can compare with glass. You may take any of the above mentioned materials and insert them in place of the glass you are now using and they may be considerably better, but this only demonstrates beyond a doubt the fact that your glass diaphragm is not the proper size.

Glasses vary in thickness from .003 to .009 of an inch, and no two sizes produce the same tone; so you see there is quite a field for experiment as to the size glass which is especially adapted to your reproducer.

For reproducing it has been found that glasses of .0045, .005, .0055 and .006 give the best results.

It is well to procure several of each size and try first one and then the other until the best one is determined.

It is impossible to state the exact size to use, as all reproducers vary, and while a number .005 will be suitable for one, it will not be for another.

In purchasing glasses it is always advisable to get them accurately measured and if possible measure them yourself (using a micrometer). They should be of a uniform thickness; some you will find are wedge shape, or thicker on one side than the other, and this makes them useless.

Now, supposing you have obtained the glasses mentioned above, remove your reproducer from the arm of the machine by releasing the clamps which hold it in position. Unscrew the clamp ring and remove the tube plate, this leaves the glass exposed but still held in place by the connecting link and crosshead which is cemented to its center by means of stratena cement (25 cts. per bottle, at all Phonograph dealers). To loosen the crosshead from the glass take a match and dip it in water, allowing a drop of same to fall directly around the junction of the crosshead and glass, allow this to set for 10 or 15 minutes and then remove the limiting weight screw and gently pull up on the weight itself, the water loosens the cement and a slight pull will detach the crosshead.

Now remove the glass and examine the rubber gaskets which act as cushions for same. If they are soft they may be used again, but if hard they must be replaced with new ones.

Before inserting new gaskets it is well to dip them in french chalk as this prevents them from rotting and also

keeps them from sticking to the glass should it ever be removed.

Place one gasket in the cup of the reproducer and lay on top of this the glass you wish to insert, taking care to have it exactly in the center and clear of the sides of the cup.

Place the remaining gasket on top of the glass and clamp in position by means of the tube plate and ring. Lay the reproducer tube plate down, and raise the limiting weight off the glass and with a match or toothpick deposit a very small drop of stratena cement directly in the center of the glass. (Care must be taken not to get too much stratena on the glass as this makes a soft joint and sometimes greatly impairs the tone). Lower the weight and adjust the crosshead to the center of the glass. This may be done with a pin, needle or any instrument small enough to work through the center hole in limiting weight. The crosshead must be exactly in the center of the glass and in direct line with the end of reproducer stylus arm and it must be set so as not to twist the link but pull straight. If after the cement has hardened (which generally takes from 15 to 30 minutes) you find the cross head is twisted remove the clamp ring and tube plate and turn the glass until crosshead is straight.

Always test the reproducer by trying it on a loud band record, and if the result is not satisfactory you must remove the glass and try another.

The March PHONOGRAM will contain another chapter on the adjustment of the reproducer, as a great deal remains which can be said but for which we have no room in this number.

(To be continued.)



OSIP IVANOVITCH BORISOV

is not only a Basso Cantante, but a teacher, singer and conductor as well. He is director of the Vocal Department of an important Conservatory of Music in New York

and instructs in the true art of singing on the principles of the Old Italian School.

He is also a capable conductor, and directs two singing societies which have given some very successful concerts under the leadership of his baton.

After studying abroad until 1889, he came to this country and won a free scholarship at the National Conservatory of Music of America. On graduating he toured the country with several operatic companies until the season of 1896, when he received a flattering offer to teach his method of tone production at the New York College of Music. Here he was engaged until recently, when he was called to take charge of the vocal department of the Mollenhauer Conservatory of Music.

His Russian records for the Phonograph have been eagerly sought after by Russians in this country and also have been exported in large quantities to the land of the Czar, where, as in the United States, the Phonograph is gaining adherents by the thousands every year.

INSTEAD OF A PARISH CLERK.

A French priest in a rural parish of the Allier Department has found new possibilities in the Phonograph. As the result of his own unfortunate temper it became impossible to find a parish clerk, and the curé was at his wit's end how to conduct the service of the church. Then a happy inspiration struck him. He bought a Phonograph, and on the following Sunday, says the "Petit Var," the simple rustics were dumbfounded to hear the clerk's responses proceed from a little box on the altar steps.—*Music Trade Review*, November 16, 1900.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

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Factory, Orange, N. J.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

WHEN ROBERT BROWNING TALKED TO A PHONOGRAPH.

“‘Browning had the most marvellous memory I ever knew. I remember once, though, a funny failure of his memory—the funnier because it was in one of his own poems. When the Phonograph was first brought over to London it was being shown at the house of an artist, and we were all asked to speak something into the receiver. Browning modestly declined for a time, but we egged him on, and at last someone said, ‘Quote some lines from one of your own poems.’”

“‘I know those least of all,’ he replied, with a smile, and eventually he said he thought he knew ‘How they brought the good news from Aix to Ghent’ better than he knew anything else. He began splendidly:—

We sprang to the saddle, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirk galloped, we galloped all three;
We—we—we; we—we—we!

“‘Upon my word, I’ve forgotten my own verses,’ he exclaimed, and stopped there. Somebody prompted him; he took up the thread again, but he couldn’t get on any farther.

“‘He apologized, but the owner of the Phonograph declared that the cylinder was more valuable to him on account of the breakdown than if the poet had recited it right through.’”—From R. DeCordova’s *Illustrated Interviews* in *The Strand Magazine*.



CHARLES D'ALMAINE.

Mr. Chas. D'Almaine was born in Hull, England, June 13, 1866, of French and English parents, both being musical. He commenced studying the violin at the age of ten, and in two years' time was concertising through Great Britian, and has had the honor of performing before H. R. H. Princess Louise and The Marquis of Lorne at the Inverary Castle, Scotland.

He studied for five years in London with J. T. Carrodus and was his favorite pupil.

He has been associated with the greatest artists of both England and the United States including Clarence Eddy, Mlle. Nikita Durward Lely, Geneveive Johnstone Bishop, Marie Decca and others.

He came to this country in 1889 with the Balmoral Scotch Concert Party and since then has toured through the United States with concert parties of the Redpath Bureau, and has always won for himself the greatest praise of the press and public. One of the first characteristics observed in Mr. D'Almaine's playing is the magnetism, precision and delicacy of touch ; and his conception of the works of great masters never fail to charm his hearers.

Mr. Eugene Ysaye, the celebrated Belgian violin virtuoso, while in Chicago last May had introduced to him Miss Belle Richards, one of Mr. Charles D'Almaine's lady pupils, and her tone and style of playing so impressed him that he exclaimed upon hearing her play: "I promise you shall be a great artist, the greatest woman violinist in the world. I will teach you, and you shall come back here to your own country and astonish the ears of all these people."

THE KAFFIR BOY THOUGHT THERE WAS A DEVIL IN THE BOX.

Capt. J. W. Webster, who will pass into history as the man who took General Cronje to St. Helena, is having a week's rest in New Orleans, while his big transport, the Milwaukee, is getting ready for another trip to South Africa with a cargo of horses. Captain Webster tells some interesting things about his distinguished prisoner. "I was rather nonplussed to know what to do for the old gentleman's diversion. He and his wife would sit silent, side by side, for hours, holding each other's hands, and occasionally he would read a little in the Bible, but I was anxious to brighten him up a bit. Luckily I happened to think of a talking machine I had purchased during my visit to New Orleans. I rigged it up in my cabin, put on a Sousa's

Band cylinder playing the 'President's March,' and then sent an invitation to General and Mrs. Cronje and one of the Boer officers who was also accompanied by his wife. They came in, and, while making a pretext of exhibiting some photographs, started the machine to going. At the first notes the whole party looked intensely amazed, but, of course, they soon located the source of the sound. 'I heard you had a talking box that talked like a man,' said Cronje, through the interpreter. 'Is that it?' 'Yes, General,' I replied, and when the cylinder stopped I slipped on another containing Moody and Sankey's hymn, 'The Ninety and Nine,' which I had been told they sang in their own language. The effect was startling. They recognized the tune at once and Mrs. Cronje burst suddenly into tears, while the other woman lifted a quavering voice and began to sing the words in Boer Dutch. Her husband turned away and wiped his eyes, and I could see by the spasmodic clasping and unclasping of his hands that General Cronje was affected. To relieve the tension I put on a record with a lively banjo solo, and in a moment the old gentleman began to smile and beat time with his feet and head, his grey beard wagging to the melody. It was funny to see him. When the music had ceased a black Kaffir boy, a body servant, who had followed the party in, said awesomely that there was a devil in the box. Cronje frowned down the suggestion, but asked whether it wasn't done by some trick, like ventriloquism, making an expressive gesture to his lips. To satisfy him I took the machine apart and explained the mechanism in detail. He grasped the principle very quickly and seemed deeply interested. I left the instrument at St. Helena.—From the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

AS AN AID TO DIGESTION.

There are little aids to comfort, little aids to digestion, and little aids to general health.

There is, for instance, the luxury of music at the dining table. The custom of having music during meals has prevailed from time almost immemorial. In the dining hall or the Highland laird the piper still plays, and his wild music is deemed as essential as the wine or dessert.

People enjoy music better at their meals than at any other time. Why? Because it then has a more soothing effect. Not only does it serve to fill in the little breaks of conversation, but it has a powerful effect upon digestion.

The stomach furnishes the nourishment for the brain, and if the latter draws too severely or too constantly upon the resources of the latter (especially when, at meal times, it is busy grinding up and preparing that nourishment), the result will be alike disastrous to both organs. Music helps both the stomach and the brain.

We cannot all afford to have hired musicians, playing on expensive instruments, to cheer us at our meals. A daily orchestra is above the means of the average man. A harp or a violin will not go of itself. The popular demand for music at a reasonable cost has had much to do with the perfecting of such automatic instruments as the Phonograph, and the better styles of music-boxes, which, being well within the reach of persons with a moderate income, are fast supplying a much-needed want. Music at meals is fast becoming a general custom. It makes us better in every way.—From *Culinary Topics*.



B. RUSSELL THROCKMORTON.

Mr. Throckmorton's ripe experience as an elocutionist and public reader has brought to him such a popular recognition of artistic excellence that he stands pre-eminently first in his line of work. As a pupil of Frobisher and Belasco, he has acquired all those qualities of speech and action that only such Masters develop.

His thoughtfully powerful rendition of "The Chariot Race" from "Ben Hur" alone would justly entitle him to the enconiums presented by the clergy, press and public in response to his work, and is proof indeed of his extraordinary power in dramatic expression and mastery of voice.

Those who desire the best of Poetic and Dramatic selections should hear his records of the following: Kipling's "White Man's Burden," Miller's "Columbus," Ingersoll's "Declaration of the Free," Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" and "Hoch der Kaiser."

MACHINE MUSIC.

English Court holds that it does not infringe Copyright Law.

Phonographs and other instruments for the mechanical making of speech or music have become the subject of such extensive business enterprise, that an exposition of the law touching the use of these instruments is of wide public interest, says the *New York Sun*. A leading case affecting them has just been decided in the English Court of Appeal. The British judges held, in substance, that such machines, so far as their private use is concerned, are entirely beyond the law of copyright.

The firm of Boosey & Co., musical publishers, applied for an injunction to restrain the agent of one of the prominent automatic organs from reproducing three songs, whose copyright the Boosey's owned. The mechanical principle of the operation of this particular machine is well understood. When it is set going rolls of perforated paper are unrolled, the holes serving at the proper moments to

let air into pipes, by means of which the desired musical sounds are produced with great precision. The Boosey's maintained that the perforated rolls were substantially copies of sheet music ; and hence, when played upon, caused an infringement of the copyright act. It was admitted that upon these rolls there were also inscribed various musical directions, such as "crescendo," or "fortissimo," and these, it was asserted, served to make the infringement of copyright certain and obvious.

Mr. Justice Stirling, before whom the application came in the first instance, declared that, in his judgment, the perforated paper could not be considered as the copy of a sheet of music. He thought, however, that the musical directions upon the rolls did infringe upon the law. He therefore, refused to grant an injunction restraining the use of the rolls, but granted one as to the musical directions. This, of course, was unsatisfactory to both plaintiff and defendant. It was, in essence, decision against both, as it held practically that the owner of the copyright could not maintain it against the machine, while the use of the machine was thereby seriously restricted in its operation and its sale was hampered.

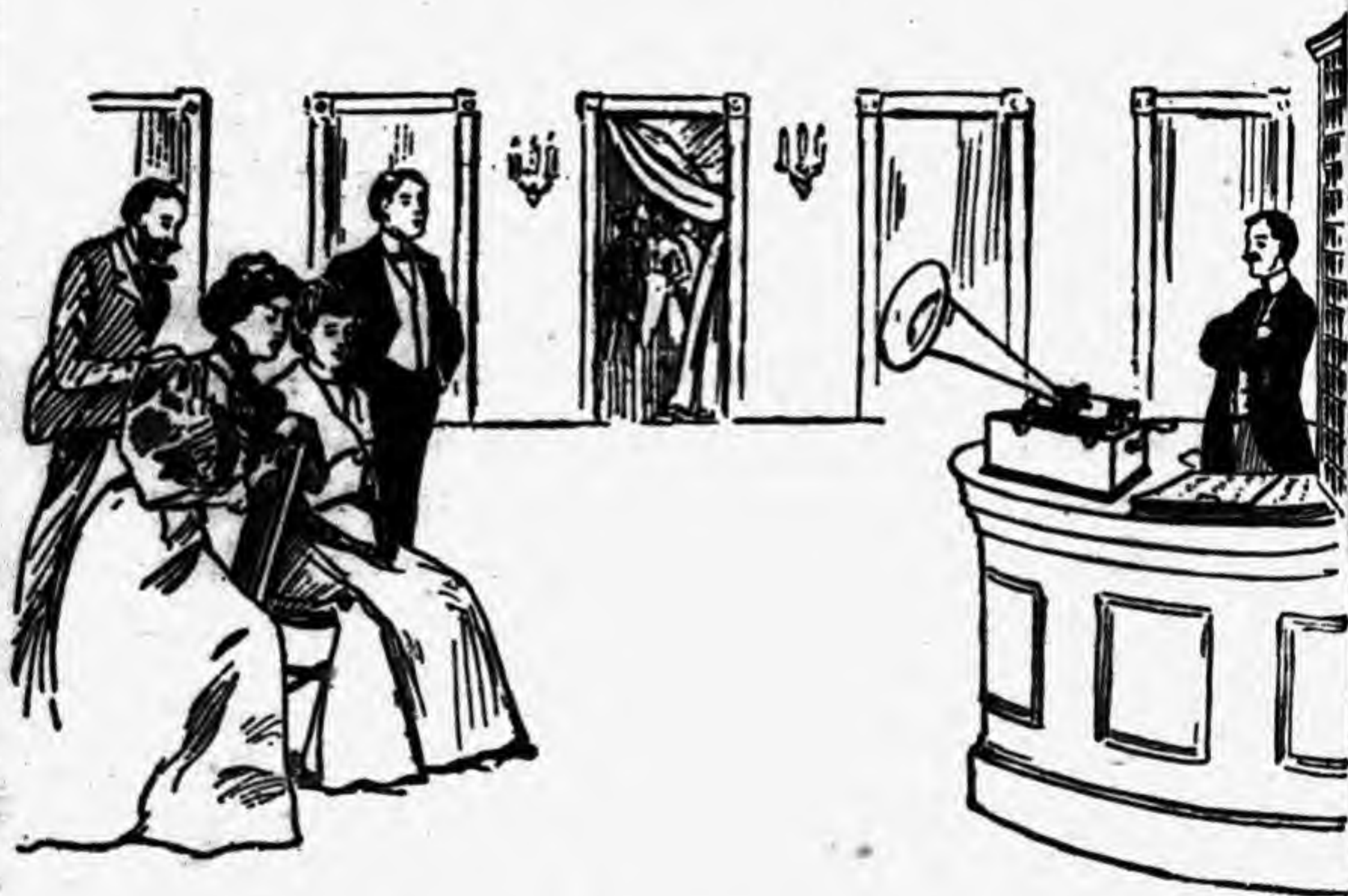
In the court of appeal, to which the case was carried, all three judges agreed in refusing the injunction altogether, either as to musical directions or the perforations.

The court of appeal declared that copyright in an article meant the exclusive right of printing or multiplying copies of that article, that is to say, in the case before the court, of copies, sheets of music and of the notes and other printed signs and words upon those sheets. The holder of a copyright had, however, no exclusive privileges in the private execution of the music indicated by such sheets, nor

in mechanism for its execution. Regarding the perforated rolls the only question was whether they could be held to be copies of the sheets of music in question. It was one thing to play an instrument from a sheet of music which appealed to the eye, but quite another thing to play it from a perforated piece of paper, which was in itself a part of the very mechanism, by means of which the music was produced. A copy, in general, was that which came so near the original as to give to every person seeing it the idea created by the original, and in this sense perforated rolls could not be regarded as music sheets.

While the case was one regarding simple sheets of music and a particular machine, it is obvious that the principle laid down by the English court of appeal applies thoroughly to the use of machines devised to make sounds that in any way become the subject of copyright. Its effect is, therefore, far reaching. The wax cylinder of a Phonograph cannot be a copy if perforated strips of paper are not copies. One may use these instruments freely in private as one may read or sing or play a printed page, without violating the law of copyright. It must be borne in mind, though, that, so far as the English decision goes, it in no sense nullifies the English law preventing a public performance of a copyrighted work, but only applies to private reproductions. In this country it seems clear that the effect of the decision, if it is followed by our courts, will be much wider than in Great Britain.

O



O is the OFFICE
Of a country hotel
The clerk and his friends
Like the novelty well.

THREE OF A KIND.

By MR. OPENEER.

Here are three samples of one hundred and four newspaper clippings contained on eleven pages of my scrap-book number 4. I submit these samples to show you how the Phonograph habit is spreading to Hotels all over the country.



Landlord White, of the Eagle hotel, has just placed in his office at Third and Locust streets, for the entertainment of his patrons, a fine Edison Phonograph which he purchased from G. C. Aschbarch, the music dealer, 539 Hamilton street, Allentown. The instrument plays very distinctly and is heard plainly out on the street.—From the South Bethlehem, Pa., *Star*.



Landlord Sturgis, of the Sturgis House, Barnstable, has a fine Edison Phonograph, which is loaded with interesting speeches, songs, etc., with which his guests are daily regaled.—From the Sandwich, Mass., *Independent*.



John Geiger, proprietor of the Pennsylvania Hotel, at Catasaqua, has placed a handsome new Phonograph in his hotel.—From *The Item*, Allentown, Pa.

THE PHONOGRAPH ON 'CHANGE.

If you know anything about talking machines, you may understand how difficult it is to get new Phonograph records.

The thirst for new things seems insatiable, and the popular songs, monologue sketches, band selections, etc., are not nearly plentiful enough to go around. Recourse is had to old time ballads and plantation melodies, and when they revive such things as "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night?" they really must be hard up for records.

Thus it happened that a genius in one of the big Phonograph establishments hit upon the idea of catching the weird and wild vociferations of the bulls and bears on the Stock Exchange floor. The thought pleased the manager, the necessary permission was had from the management of the Stock Exchange and one day last week the recorder was set up in one of the noisiest spots on 'Change.

It certainly would be novel if successful, and, after taking three cylinders full, the genius went back to develop the records. The following is as nearly an exact reproduction of the result of the experiment as it is possible to put down in print:

"O-o-o-o-oo-oo-oo! fi' f'r hun'r'd Q o-oo-oo- wr-wr-bz-z-z-z-z-z-you're a—quarter fer atch—quarter fer atch—SOLD— 'and 'sand' 'sand' more—Sold—fi' hun'r'd more—hun'r'd more—w-z-z-r-r- — a-f-t-g-j-u-e-w-z-v-b whatfhtnogitumaltencfjtonsofingot nhmlkshandjine-W) O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O W-W-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-o-oo-o-o-ooooeee."

At this period of the delirium the record exploded, and the untried two were pitched out of the window.—From the *Sunday Telegraph*, New York.

TWO HAPPENINGS.

My Dear PHONOGRAM:—Not long since I was in the store of a friend; who has lately added the Phonograph to the list of his numerous wares. A farmer came in while The Farm Yard Medley was being played for the benefit of a customer. After listening a few moments the farmer says “Say! the telephone is a great thing ain’t it; I tell you that feller at the other end is a great singer, well, well, it beats me all out.” It was a difficult thing to prevent an explosion, nevertheless on reaching home, we had a hearty laugh over the matter.

At another time I was preparing the Phonograph for an evening service in my church when an old gentleman and his wife came in; with great caution they walked down the aisle; they first looked into the horn; then walked around the machine with staring eyes; the gentleman came to the table and reached out his hand in the direction of the Phonograph when his wife cried out “Don’t you touch it, don’t you touch it” evidently fearful that something would happen then and there. The old gentleman’s face was a study—fear was written there, and in a weak voice he said “We have never seen such a thing before.” Later on they enjoyed the selections.

ADIRONDACK.

ANOTHER SNORING RECORD.

“Heavens, Maria! Was that Phonograph open during the cat fight?”

“No. I turned it on last night when you were sleeping. Perhaps you will believe now that you snore.—*Life*.”

MR. BOWSER'S TRIBULATIONS.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

Simultaneously with Mr. Bowser's arrival home the other evening there came a delivery wagon with a Phonograph, and before Mrs. Bowser could observe that she had been expecting him to develop a new fad for a week past he hastened to explain :

“It's a Phonograph. There can be no fad about a Phonograph. You just wait till after dinner, and if it don't prove the most interesting thing in this house I'll throw it over the fence.”

Mrs. Bowser knew all about Phonographs, of course, and she did not object to it as a Phonograph. If Mr. Bowser could raise a row over a harp, a fiddle, a fire escape, a recipe for root beer and a lost dog, she felt that a Phonograph might bring trouble.

Little more was said until after dinner. Then the instrument was placed in the sitting room and set going, and for half an hour all went well. It brought forth song and speech and conversation and seemed perfectly harmless to raise a family row.

Mr. Bowser hadn't been so tickled since he paid \$15 for a buzzard under the patriotic idea that he was buying an American eagle.

“By George,” he exclaimed as he and Mrs. Bowser and the cat sat in a half circle about the Phonograph, “but we've got a better thing here than all the pianos, fiddles, checkerboards, concerts, camp meetings and cake walks on the face of this earth combined!”

“Yes, it's interesting and amusing,” reluctantly admitted Mrs. Bowser, “but let's not have too much of it

all at once. You can put it in the closet there, and to-morrow night I'll ask the Browns over."

"But I didn't bring it home altogether to hear other folks talk and sing," he protested. "I'm going to put in a fresh cylinder and do a little of it myself, and I also want you to. When either of us is dead and gone, the survivor will be tickled to death to hear the other's tones again. This, you see, is a cylinder. It is composed of a waxy substance. Now it's in, and you've only to begin talking. Whatever you say this evening may be listened to by people 10,000 years hence."

"But I'm not going to talk."

"Why not?"

"Because I've got nothing to say to interest people 10,000 years hence."

"That's you all over!" he exclaimed. "I might have known you'd play the mule. Very well; if you don't want me to hear the tones of your voice after you have been laid away in your narrow home, I shall not be over-anxious about it. If I did hear them, it would probably be something about fads and intended to hurt my feelings. I'll do some talking myself, however, and some day after I'm gone you may be glad to hear it. Let me see. I think I'll sing a verse of 'The Sweet Bye and Bye' as a starter."

"Then sing it in a whisper," she cautioned.

"Why should I sing it in a whisper? What do you mean by such words?"

"The—neighbors, you know."

"The neighbors be hanged! What has my singing got to do with the neighbors. If there was ever a wife who seemed to want to pick a fuss with her husband, you are

the one. However, you don't bluff me. I will now sing." He drew a long breath and began. The first effect was on the cat. She had rather taken to the music of the Phonograph and purred over it, but as Mr. Bowser's first notes rose on the air her eyes began to glare and her back to arch, and before the second line was ended she was ready to fight the battle of her life.

Other things speedily followed. The cook came running up from the kitchen with the bread knife in her hand and a defiance of tramps in her eyes, and shouts of alarm from front and rear proved that the neighbors were wondering whether it was a cyclone or a cloudburst.

Things became plain even to Mr. Bowser. He struck at the cat, jumped at the cook and ceased his song, and then he stood and glared at Mrs. Bowser a long minute before exclaiming :

"I'll never forget nor forgive this if I live to be 10,000 years old !"

"But didn't I warn you ?" she protested.

"Warn me ! Do you mean to say I can't sing in my own house—that my singing is not as good as yours or anybody's else's ? Didn't I used to sing in a church choir ? Haven't they asked me to sing at the club ? You simply put up a job on me. You have insulted your own husband. Your presence in this room for the rest of the evening can be dispensed with."

Mrs. Bowser went upstairs without a word. The cat started to go downstairs and out of doors, but changed her mind and stopped to see the thing out.

The Bowser cat is like Mr. Bowser himself—full of perversity. After the neighbors seemed to have settled down from their scare Mr. Bowser looked out of the front win-

dows to see that the coast was clear of policemen, and, returning to the Phonograph, he said to himself :

“If they don’t want to hear my voice after I am dead and gone, they can go to grass. I’ll leave it behind me at any rate. Instead of singing I’ll make a speech in the blamed thing. Get out you infernal cat ! What do you stand there glaring at me for ? Let me see, I used to hit off Patrick Henry mighty well. How does it go ? Ah, yes :

“Gentlemen may cry, ‘Peace, peace !’ But there is no peace. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. We have stood this thing long enough. We are going to fight. We are going—we are going ”—

He was trying to recall what the patriots were going to do when the cook came up from the kitchen. She looked wild-eyed, but determined.

“What do you want ?” demanded Mr. Bowser.

“I want the mistress and my wages,” she replied. “I’ve worked for 13 of the best families in this city, and I held my last place for nine years, but never before have I seen such carryings on. I won’t stay in a house where the man is crazy !”

“Crazy, you dolt !” shouted Mr Bowser. “But do you know what this instrument is ?”

“No, nor I don’t care. I want my wages for 17 days 4 hours and 10 minutes, and you can get your own breakfast. It wasn’t a minute ago that you were abusing of my own brother Patrick.”

She rushed upstairs to find Mrs. Bowser, and, after a moment of discouragement Mr. Bowser went ahead. As Patrick Henry’s great speech had been lost in the shuffle,

he turned to "Bingen on the Rhine." He had spoken that as a boy in school exhibitions, and with one eye on the cat and one ear listening for what might happen upstairs, he began :

A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers ;
'There was lack of woman's nursing,
There was dearth—

"There was dearth—dearth—dearth of something or other, but I'll be hanged if I can remember what it was. Let's see."

He might have got it that there was a dearth of woman's tears but for the cat.

His voice had grated on her nerves till every hair stood on end. She had come to conclude that the instrument was a cat exterminator or feline discourager, and that her life was in danger. Therefore, as Mrs. Bowser and the cook came downstairs to make a mutual and tearful appeal, she sprang for Mr. Bowser.

The attack was so sudden that he went down under it and pulled the Phonograph after him, and for a minute there was a mixup to beat the band. Then he rose to his feet and looked for the cat.

She had disappeared. He lifted up the Phonograph and banged it and slammed it until only splinters remained. Then he turned to Mrs. Bowser and the cook and said :

"Ladies, the exhibition is over. One of you can notify your lawyer to see me tomorrow about a divorce, and the other can take her bundle and her wages for 17 days 4 hours and ten minutes and go to Halifax!"—M. QUAD in *McClure's Syndicate*.

The PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

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The PHONOGRAM, No. 135 Fifth Avenue, New York

Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



¶ These be the Cold Mid-Winter days, when all is white; woods, fields and sky alike. My February Bird too is White; he is a Snowflake—otherwise known as a Snow Lark. To dwellers in Southern climes I must crave indulgence for my selection; for rarely do the Snow Larks fly south of the 38th parallel. Accept my this month's Bird, therefore, with faith; and read the scroll in his beak with confiding trust. Nansen, Peary, the Esquimaux and other Circumpolar readers of THE PHONOGRAM will vouch for the Snow Lark; so will all Northerners north of Kentucky. I have often seen him in great flocks, whirling about in the drifting snow, seeking shelter in clumps of bushes and catching the seeds from the tall stalks yet standing in wind swept meadows. Scanty food indeed! and a meagre field for the gathering of acceptable Graph, Gram and Scope facts; explaining that lack of interesting news in my current issue that I fear is apparent to some of my very discerning readers. Yet my Snow Bird has been diligent; so marry, forsooth, gentle reader, pray accept the intent of my White Bird Editor and suspend criticism.

¶ As to subscriptions, they are always welcome. They commence with the current issue invariably, as several of the Early Numbers of THE PHONOGRAM have disappeared entirely.

¶ Three have written expressing a polite disbelief in the probability and even the possibility of my October Contribution "Mr. Simpkin's Snoring Record." Friends, thou art married happily. Yet listen to this clipping from the New York Sun. That's all I have to say; for "If you see it in The Sun its so."

¶ "The policeman on post at Warren street and West Broadway on Wednesday night thought he heard noises in the corner restaurant shortly before midnight. He knew that the proprietor closed up at about 10 o'clock every evening. Tip-toeing his way to the door he put his ear to the key hole. Harsh, grating sounds, as if of the filing of iron, came from within. The bluecoat drew back and glided down the street into the darkness. A few minutes later he returned, accompanied by three other guardians of the peace.

"Ssh!" whispered the leader as he put his ear to the door.

The sounds of filing continued.

A consultation in hushed tones followed. One of the cops was sent to notify the proprietor at his home uptown while the others watched the saloon. When the proprietor arrived he turned the key and pushed the door slowly open. The sounds of filing continued. The party entered. As they advanced they saw dimly the figure of a man at the other end of the room, and the sounds of filing became more like the heavy snoring of innocent slumber. The bluecoats dashed forward and pounced upon their victim. The latter yawned.

"Time to close up?" he asked drowsily. He rubbed his eyes. "What—?"

A policeman clapped his hand over the man's mouth while the others searched him. Seventeen cents and half a cheese sandwich were found in his possession. He explained that he had fallen asleep and must have been overlooked in the closing up. He was allowed to go in peace to his home. The proprietor went to his, and the bluecoats returned to their duty.

The sounds of filing had ceased."

To the Editor of THE PHONOGRAM:

Dear Sir:—I want to tell you what genuine pleasure I feel when I read each number of the Phonogram. I appreciate your work very much. I saw in one chapter about the man who had a record of his dog's barking and also of another who has a record of his crowing rooster. Now I can can go them one better than this, for I have records of my dog and also of the singing (if it could be called such) of a pet hen, both of them loud and perfect. I think I have the best of the argument as I have in addition made the following discovery which I thought might be interesting to your readers.

One day last summer I was making a talking record. I will say right here that I live close by the D. & H. Railroad and my room is perhaps 25 or 30 feet away from the tracks. After I had finished the record, I reproduced it and was surprised to hear the rumbling and whistling of a freight train, which I remembered passed just at the time I was talking into my Phonograph. Grasping the idea and seeing the possibility of a novelty in the shape of a train record, I turned my machine around and let the horn project out of the window and sat down and waited for trains. As fast as they came along, I took possession of each train, so to speak, using only a small portion of the blank for each train. In that manner I got a complete record of a passing railroad train; the whistle, the bells, the blowing off of steam; also the peculiar whistling sound that the air brakes make with which everyone is familiar, together with the rattle and rumble of the wheels, and even the sharp click as they passed over the rail joints. It is all loud and clear and perfect in every detail.

If you can use this communication in your Phonogram,
I shall be very much pleased if you care to publish it.

Yours very respectfully,

W. H. Sedgewick.

NEW EDISON RECORDS.

7694	Sheridan's Ride <i>Recitation</i>	Broderick
7695	Russian National Hymn <i>English words</i>	Madeira
7696	A Bird in a Gilded cage <i>Duet</i>	Harlan and Madeira
7697	Who threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder <i>Comic song</i>	Favor
7698	Selection from Les Huguenots <i>Zither</i>	Wormser
7699	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp <i>Clarinet with Variations</i>	Tuson
7700	Sally <i>Sentimental song</i>	Harlan
7701	The little Tin Soldier " "	Madeira
7702	Einstein talks about Ike <i>Stuttering Story</i>	Steele
7703	'Tis a love song that I sing thee <i>Sentimental</i>	Kelso
7704	On Duty March	Peerless Orchestra
7705	Mr. Thomas Cat	Edison Concert Band
7706	El Paso <i>Spanish waltz</i>	" " "
7707	The Adventurer March	" " "
7708	When Reuben comes to town <i>Comic song</i>	Quinn
7709	Lovers once, but strangers now <i>Sentimental</i>	Natus
7710	Soldier's Farewell	Edison Male Quartette
7711	You said A-Plenty <i>Coon song</i>	Denny
7712	The Blackbird <i>Bagpipe solo</i>	McAuliffe
7713	Maid of the Beach <i>Bagpipe solo</i>	"
7714	Dirge of the Carlin " "	"
7715	O'Donnell Aboo " "	"
7716	The Coulin " "	"
7717	The Rights of Man " "	"
7718	Red Haired Man's Wife <i>Bagpipe solo</i>	"
7719	Pretty Maid Milking her Cow <i>Bagpipe</i>	"

(OVER)

